170.

A Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Good Friends beware, I'me like to hit yee,
What ere you be heer's that will fit yee;
Which way soeuer that you goe,
At you I ayme my Bolt and Bowe.
To the Tune of, Oh no no no not yet.

STand wide my Maisters, and take heed,
for feare the Foole doth hit yée,
If that you thinke you shall be shot,
Ide'e with you hence to get yee;
My Bowes you see stands ready bent,
to giue each one their lot,
Then baue amongst you with my Bolts,
for now I make a shot.

The Prodigall that is left rich,
that wastes his state away,
In wantones and surfeting,
in gaming and in play. (Meanes,
And spends his meanes on Whores and
doth make himselfe a sot,
May in a Spittle chance to dye,
at him I make a shot.

He that doth take delight in Lawe,
and euer to be wrangling,
Would be like to the Bells were hang'd,
that loues still to be iangling;
His Lawyers purse he fills with Coine,
himselfe hath nothing got,
And proues a begger at the last,
at him I make a shot.

He that is apt to come in bands
for euery common friend,
May shake a begger by the hand,
and pay the debt it'h end,
By selling Goods and Lands away,
or in a Prison rot,
Where none will pitty his poore case,
at him I make a shot.

Who all the weeke doth worke full hard,
and moyle both night and day,
Vntill in a trice spend all his coine,
and sole his meanes away,
In drinking and in rioting,
at pipe and at the pot,
Whose braines are like an addled egge,
at him I make a shot.

The Man that weddes for greedy wealth,
he goes a fishing faire,
But often times he gets a Frog,
or very little share;
And he that is both young and free,
and marries an old Trot,
When he might liue at libertie,
at him I make a shot.

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The Second Part.

THe Wiser that gets wealth great store,
and wretchedly doth liue,
In's life is like to starue himselfe,
at's death he all doth giue
Vnto some Prodigall, or Fole,
that spends all he hath got,
With griping slury and paine,
at him I make a shot.

He that doth early rise each morne,
and worketh hard all day,
When he comes home can not come in,
his Wife is gone to play;
And lets her to drinke and spend all
the moneys which he got,
Shall weare my Coxcombe and my Bell,
and at him heers a shot.

An Old-man for to dote in age
vpon a Wench that's young,
Who hath a nimble wit and eye,
with them a pleasing tongue,
Accons plume I greatly feare
will fall vnto his lot,
That stoutely in his crest he'le beare,
at him I make a shot.

A Widow that is richly left,
that will be Lasside,
And to some Gull or Roaring-boy
she must be made a Bride,
His Cloathes at Broakers he hath hir'd
himselfe not worth a groat,
That hasts her hide and spends her meanes
at her I make a shot.

A Mayden that is faire, and rich,
and young, yet is so proud,
That fauour vnto honest men
by no meanes can be low'd;
And thus she spends her chiefest prime,
refusing her good lot,
In youth doth scorne, in age is scornd,
at her I make a shot.

But she that wanton is and fond,
that fast and loose will play,
When that her reconings are cast vp,
must for it soundly pay,
And may the Father chance to lacke
of that which she hath got,
Besides her standing in a sheete,
at her I make a shot.

To the same Tune,

Who spends his time in youth away,
to be a Seruing-man,
Doth seldome grow for to be rich,
doe he the best he can;
And then when age doth come, God knows
this Man hath nothing got,
But is turnd out amongst the dogges,
at him I make a shot.

He that doth sell his Lands away,
an Office for to buy,
May keepe a quarter for a time,
but will a begger dye;
For he hath sold his Lambes good man,
and younger Sheepe hath got,
Although he thinke himselfe so wise,
at him I make a shot.

He that will goe vnto the Sea,
and may liue well on shore,
Although he venture life and goods,
may hap to come home poore,
Or by the Foe be made a Slaue,
with all that he hath got,
Whose Limbes in peeces are all torne,
at him I make a shot.

Those that their Parents doe reiect,
and makes of them a scorne,
Who wishes then with griefe and woe
they neuer had béen borne;
For portion they may Twelue-pence haue
beside a heauy lot,
For disobedience ordaind,
at them I make a shot.

The Parents which their Child brings vp
to haue their owne free will,
The wise and antient Salomon
doth say they them will spill:
And when correction comes too late,
they wish they'd neere béen got:
But for their folly which is past,
at them I make a shot.

They that continue still in sinne,
and thinke they ners shall dye,
Deferring off redentance still,
and liues in follitie,
Death quickly comes and ceases them,
and then it is their lot
In hells hot flame for to remaine,
at them I make a shot.

And so farewell my Maders all,
God send's a merry méeting;
Pray be not angry with the Fole
that thus to you sends greeting;
And if that any haue a flap's,
and saies I did not hit them,
It is because my Bolts are spent,
but Ile haue more to fit them.

FINIS. T. F.

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